

MEASURE



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Puvis de Chavannes The Persevering Artist

Benedict A. Staudt

EARLY IN THE nineteenth century to a rather well to do couple of Lyons, France, came a small token of humanity. Proud indeed were that father and mother for they were of old Burgundian stock with a family record that dated back several hundred years and to its long genealogy they had added a son. His full name was to be Pierre Cecile Puvis de Chavannes, a name that in years to come was to be renowned, famous and loved. Little did his mother realize as she bent over his cradle softly lullabying, that in years to come, those pudgy little hands would flourish a brush with such an artistic touch that the largest cities in France would vie with each other to obtain his services. However, as he grew into manhood he had but one ambition in life and that to become a mining engineer as his father was before him. A trip to Italy, the mother-house of painting, sculpture and architecture, in his nineteenth year enkindled in his soul the small flame that took so much nursing and care but which was to shine forth in the end unconquered, unsubdued and with a radiance that would reach the four corners of the world. The drab materialistic designings of a mining engineer no longer interested him, for in their place had come the desire together with a burning zeal to depict emotions on canvas in a way no man had ever done before him. And that burning zeal carried him to the heights of fame in the world of art. He was to be hailed as the champion of religious art in the nineteenth century, and rightly so, for it has been said that what the medieval theological paint-

ers wrought in the Spanish Chaple and what Raphael did in the Camera della Segnatura, Puvis de Chavannes had done for his century. The government humbly begged his advice when confronted with any vast decorative work; it was he who supervised the murals in that immense hemicycle of Sorbonne. Our own Boston outbid such cities as Paris, Marseilles, Rouen, Bordeaux and Amiens to obtain his services in the decoration of one of its public buildings. In the closing years of his life he was president of the National Society of French Artists, commander of the Legion of Honour and he can justly be called the uncrowned painter laureate of France. There was no higher honor to be striven for; he had overleaped even his wildest dreams, wildest I say, because at one time in his life he was actually so low in the world of art that "wild" would have been a mild adjective to be attached to a dream of what he actually became.

Yet Puvis de Chavannes owes every particle of his success to one trait of character, to the blooming forth of one virtue, patience. Had he not possessed the tenacity and perseverance which were so characteristic of him, his name would probably carry no more import today than that of some French peasant of his era. For he worked, slaved and hoped for fifteen years as a painter before he was ultimately recognized as possessing talent which could produce works of considerable artistic taste. How bitter must have been these lengthy and seemingly unfruitful years! Yet his patience forcibly threw a ray of gleaming hope upon his mind clouded with the sombre shadows of despair. Patience with her motherly comfort and Job-like tenacity healed again and again his sores of desperation and set him once more on the road of do or die.

It is hard to conjure up in one's imagination any more oppositional forces which might have beset Puvis de Chavannes. To begin with he was a self-made artist, that is to say he wrought out his own mode of procedure in painting. An example of this is his method of rendering

flesh tones, moreover, he did not at all agree with the several masters under whom he studied, one of whom was Delacroix. The story is told of how he fumed out of the atelier of Couture because the master had remonstrated with him for not following out the details of one of the studio's stereotyped formulas for color scheming. As an artist he was unique, caring little for the taste and tendencies of the Romanticists and so called Classicists of his day who in reality could not even approach the lofty standard which he had set for himself. Is there any sting of bee or wasp that leaves the senses reeling and the emotions dulled more than the deadly jab of a barbed tongue of a fellow man? Jeers, insults and sly little riles were received by the hundreds in those first fifteen years. With the patience of Job he continued to work and year after year submitted his pieces to private exhibitions and to the Paris Salon. As they came back tagged with such remarks as would prove the incapability of the artist to either paint or draw, with a humble prayer for success he would plunge himself all the more persistently into his next work.

One of his most disappointing endeavors which, however, turned out to be a success and which was to be his starting point into the grandeur of renown, was his attempt to have the Paris Salon exhibit one of his paintings. In the hustle and bustle of our modern age, if something isn't attained in six months we start laying out plans for another mode of living. But Puvis de Chavannes, year in and year out attempted what at last seemed to be the impossible. With the ancient adage "If you don't succeed the first time, try, try again" as his motto, he continued his efforts for nine fretful years. If years of comfort and prosperity seem long, drawn out and unbearable to some individuals, reflect for a moment on the crumbling hopes and gnawing despair of this artist. His perseverance was almost supernatural, almost above reasoning and certainly touched with the hand of God.

Into that murky sea of defeat was to come the blazing stream of victory. His version of a barbaric scene, "Return from the Hunt," was accepted by the Paris Salon and exhibited. Although there was yet some severe criticism of his work, particularly because of lack of shadows, nevertheless it was his starting point in that long race to the top of the hill of success. Heartened and enthused he threw himself with all his vitality into the production of two more paintings "War" and "Peace," which were purchased by the government for its new Musee de Picardie. In this transition from the Salon to the monument, all his unbearable sufferings were rewarded. A remarkable and astonishing change seemed to envelop his work in its new environment. For the first time it was perceived that decorative work was vastly different than what was required by the romance and softness of the Salon, in so far as it seemed to have its own peculiar set of regulations. In Puvis de Chavanne's work these clearly manifested themselves to be his points of genius whereas they had formerly seemed to be his drawbacks. At last he was seen in his proper role, that of a decorative master. Calls for his work soon came pouring in and recognition together with a flourish of success were soon to be his. The peculiar talent which he possessed and which distinguished him so unmistakably from his contemporaries was his faculty for creating something vastly rich in universality through a limited and choice group of details. His selection of themes tended much towards the lofty and noble ideas produced by his religion. Consequently, this elevation of subject linked with his ingenuity for begetting it on canvas with such simplicity, brought him the honor of being the foremost champion of religious art in France for the Nineteenth Century.

Due, perhaps, to the long retardation that was forced upon him at the beginning of his career and the perseverance he thereby had to exercise, Puvis de Chavannes during the hour in which he drank the cup of success to its

dregs, remained a humble and upright man. To him goes a vast amount of credit for bringing the artist and thinker in general to a higher social level by living a life filled with deep religious sentiment and rectitude of character. Especially is this true in his later life when he was constantly before the eyes of the public. He immortalized his wife, who had been Princess Marie Cantacuzene, in a mural "The Watch of Saint Genevieve." The sombreness of this picture mingled with a certain indescribable desire towards something heavenly creates a supreme hallucination for the artistic mind. It is indeed a fitting memorial for the one person most dear to him in this life. His own life is truly inspirational. It was a life of continuous work which for the first fifteen years yielded him nothing but a golden crown in return for his superhuman patience. The remaining years, however, were marked with the imprint of the rungs in his ladder of success. He did not cease painting until the sickness which caused his death forced him to lay down his brush. He died after a half century of continuous labor a perfect model of perseverance for the young aspirant into the field of painting.

The Cinema and I

William Foley

L IKE MANY another citizen I have a fondness for the movies; I am not a rabid fan (my boast is that I can take them or leave them alone) but I do manage to see most of the shows. Time was when I'd attend the theatre several times weekly and see a galaxy of stars flicker on and off the celluloid. Advancing age, however, made it impossible for me to be such a frequent customer of the movie cathedrals, not that I was infirm but simply because the girl at the ticket window refused to let me in for childrens' prices. Incidentally there is one of the strange habits of youth, we try to act as old as grown ups as long as possible except when there's a chance of getting into a place at childrens' prices. Then we go to great length to assure everyone that we're way under the age limit. But to get back to the movies, the paying of adult prices naturally slowed up my show going tendencies.

This retardation was probably a good thing for since I was able to attend fewer pictures I made sure that these few were worthwhile. At first, worthwhile meant that the film had to be of the rip-roaring, fast-shooting variety. This early habit of selection has developed to such an extent that today I find I no longer care for the type of show which in the days of my youth, held me spell-bound. Perhaps easy living has softened me up, maybe I've grown mellow with the years or again I might just be searching for the finer things of life. For all practical purposes though, it seems I've turned my back on the action packed thrillers of yesteryear. I sometimes feel a bit guilty about it too, for those melodramas provided many an exciting hour. I recall that a show in those day always contained

numerous people who were continually jumping off steep cliffs and hand to hand fights atop burning buildings were all too common. Mention should be made of the fact that most cinemas usually had several evil-eyed Orientals who had the quaint habit of maliciously pulling trap-doors on unsuspecting persons at the most inopportune times.

The cowboy show was the type of movie for which I really went off the deep end, so to speak. Nowadays slurringly alluded to as the horse opera, the cowboy show dealt with the wide open spaces and men who had steely blue eyes and a couple of six shooters about their person. Western movies had a stock plot which never changed; it was melodrama of the worst sort to be sure, but did we kids eat it up! I remember how the hero would enter some saloon (usually named The Last Chance or Silver Dollar), stride up to the bar and order strawberry pop, whereat some bystander would snicker and our hero, enraged, would beat him to a pulp. There was always a band of cattle rustlers in the story and of course our good cowboy always apprehended them whereupon he would pay off the mortgage on the heroine's ranch. The show would then be over except for the last scene which was invariably the same hero and heroine in a loving embrace usually against the background of a setting sun.

I shall always remember the time when one movie didn't wind up with a happy ending. I felt as though I had been betrayed and often I have thought that much of my present bitterness and cynicism dates from that moment. I became a bit more critical after that and began to wonder why I had never questioned the plausibility of some of the most impossible scenes. I realized then to what extremities the producers went in their use of hackneyed plots, stereotyped stories and numerous other *Cliches*. Probably the answer to it all is that it is just the old Hollywood hokum; a policy of giving the customers a great deal to laugh over but very little to think about. Admitting all this, the fact remains that for an industry whose sole

purpose is to entertain people the movie business is really a gigantic affair.

Someday an enterprising author will take up the task of writing Hollywood's history and he should not be at a loss for material. The legions of colorful personalities who have figured in the movie game would undoubtedly be a guarantee of a most interesting story. Then too it seems there is no industry more typically American for it was born of American minds and, financed and guided by Americans, it has reached its present high position. Before the World War motion picture business was a growing thing, after the War it boomed. Lavish, colossal and glamorous it roared its colorful way through the prosperous twenties. That was the era of Fairbanks, Chaplin and Pickford and their fabulous salaries, and every star worthy of the name was supposed to own a white roadster and have a swimming pool in his front yard. In short Hollywood was looked upon as a sort of enchanted island inhabited by matinee idols and beautiful actresses.

Today Hollywood is probably much the same in many ways but it seems that the movie men go about their work more seriously. As a result finer pictures are being made, both from the technical and artistic point of view. Poor shows of course are still with us but then every cinema can't be an outstanding one; we may become annoyed by the voluminous spoutings of press agents, however we shouldn't be too harsh with them. They're only trying to make a living. The whole idea is to provide entertainment for us and after all there's nobody forcing us to step up in front of the ticket window.

Saint or Heretic?

Richard J. Trame

"To live in heaven with a saint is glory,
To live on earth with one is another story."

THREE ARE numerous and intimate reasons why an account of St. Joan of Arc is comparable to the above proverb. A cursory glance at her life illustrates well the parallelism. Born at Domremy in France on January 6, 1412; burnt at the stake for heresy on May 30, 1431; rehabilitated in 1456; declared Venerable in 1904; pronounced Blessed in 1909; and finally proclaimed Saint in 1920, constitutes the paradoxical skeleton of her biography. Fortunately the requisite enlightenment can be found to unravel the skeins of this dilemma.

As an historical character, Joan is prominent as a strong advocate of Nationalism and the first exponent of Napoleonic realism in warfare as distinguished from the sporting ransom-gambling chivalry of her time. In manner, she was an eccentric in dress who, like Queen Christina of Sweden two centuries later, to say nothing of Chevalier D'Eon and numerous other historical heroines, chose to clothe herself as a man, fighting and living as a regular soldier. In the face of these public facts it is hardly surprising that she was burnt, ostensibly for witchcraft and heresy, but essentially for what we might term righteous presumption.

But the question arises, was the Maid intrinsically presumptuous? At the early age of eighteen Joan had opinions seemingly more pretentious than the Pope or the most ambitious politician of the era. She claimed for herself the ambassadorship of God, receiving direct communications from the Church Triumphant through the voices of

St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret. She crowned her own king and demanded that the English sovereign withdraw his troops from the soil of France. She spurned the plans of generals, leading their troops to victory according to her own fashion. Had Joan of Arc descended from the most royal family of the Middle Ages she could not have accomplished more high-handed feats. But since she was merely a country lass, crediting her success to the grace of God, two opposite opinions were aroused concerning her. One was, that she was a saint; the other that she was politically undesirable.

Had Joan been malicious, bitter, cowardly, or stupid she would have been recorded in history as a fool. Had she been old enough to realize the effect she was producing on the men whom she humiliated by being right when they were wrong, and had she learned to flatter rather than to command, she might have won the fame of Queen Elizabeth instead of reaping her reward before reaching maturity as Mary of Scotland. But since she was a saint, martyrdom was her crown. In this saintly role the Maid practiced simplicity, holiness, operating with unconcealed impetuosity upon the obstacles confronting her. This, no doubt, is why the comrades she had led to victory and the enemies she had disgraced and defeated, the king she had crowned and the king whose crown she had kicked into the Loire, were equally relieved to be rid of her.

This undesirableness could have been produced by a humble inferiority complex as well as by an overweening superiority complex. The question, which of the two was operative in Joan's case, must be faced. At the Rouen trial the decision went against her, but justly was reversed in the rehabilitation twenty-five years later. This reversal was made more impressive by a unanimous Posterity, culminating in her canonization and, thereby, sentencing her judges to trial. The rehabilitation of 1456 really did produce sufficient evidence to satisfy all reasonable critics that Joan was not a heretic, nor a witch, but, on the contrary,

an intact virgin, a very pious and virtuous servant of God. She went to the stake without a stain on her soul other than a moment's rashness that nearly resulted in suicide and for which she sincerely repented. The mud that was thrown at her has dropped off by this time leaving to humanity a saint and a genius, at least, in military matters. Therefore, to righteously understand this Maid, one must be free from prejudices and biases; must understand the Middle Ages, the Roman Catholic Church; and must be capable of throwing off sex partialities and their romance and regard women as the female of the human species rather than as a different kind of being with specific tendencies and charms. Joan of Arc belonged to the former class and was endowed with the powers of a genius.

Historical fact prevents us from imagining our heroine as a romantic princess or as a stupid beggarmaid. In a somewhat parallel fashion to William Shakespeare, where we find a whole well of wasted research based on the supposition that he was illiterate, we find a tendency to relegate Joan to the position of an ignorant shepherd girl. The difference being that Shakespeare was not illiterate, the Maid positively was. Still this does not mean that Joan was stupid or that she suffered from the diffidence and sense of social disadvantage now felt by people who cannot read nor write. She understood the political and military situation in France much better than most of our newspaper-fed women understand the corresponding situation of their own country today. This knowledge of and interest in public affairs was nothing extraordinary in Joan's case for she was divinely instructed through her Voices.

Strange as it may seem, it was these self-same Voices that worked such havoc with her temporal reputation. They were held to prove her mad, a liar, a heretic, a sorceress, and finally a saint. In her own way Joan described this divine communication simply as a voice, like someone speaking quite close to her. It also seems that a blaze of light accompanied it and that later she clearly discerned,

in some way, the appearance of those who spoke to her, recognizing them individually as St. Michael, St. Margaret, and St. Catherine. Rationalistic historians, such as Anatole France, explained these voices and visions of the Maid as delusions that were the result of religious and hysterical exaltation which had been fostered by priestly influence, combined with certain prophecies current throughout the country-side of a maiden from the "Beau Mai" region who was to save France by a miracle. There is no shadow of evidence to support this contention, but much which contradicts it. Moreover, unless we accuse the Maid of deliberate falsehood, which few are prepared to do, it was the Voices that created the state of patriotic exaltation and not the exaltation which preceded the Voices. Her evidence on these points is clear. Those rationalistic historians and essayists who feel justified in setting down a girl as crazy who saw saints and heard them talking to her must, likewise, declare all Christendom mad for believing in it. Do these same call Luther crazy because he threw his inkhorn at the devil? No! They claim for him a vivid imagination or say he had eaten and slept less than was good for him. Let us, therefore, drop this nonsense about Joan being insane and accept her as being as sane as Florence Nightingale who also combined a very simple iconography of religious belief with a mind so exceptionally powerful that it kept her in constant trouble with the medical and military panjandrums of her time.

Another peculiarity of Joan of Arc was her continued wearing of masculine attire. This point or sin, as her persecutors called it, was one of the many charges dwelt upon at length in her trial. Why she insisted upon wearing soldier's armor and on treating her soldiers as comrades can best be explained as necessary. It was the most sensible mode of travelling through a country infested with hostile troops and marauding deserters from both sides. But if we accept this, how can we account for the fact that she continued to wear masculine attire even after the

danger disappeared. And why, instead of urging King Charles, as Queen Elizabeth urged her Sea Dogs to plunder the Spanish ships, to send D'Alencon or LaHire to the relief of Dunois at Orleans, did she insist upon going herself? The most simple and obvious answer to these queries is the fact that Joan was carrying out the instructions of her Voices. That they should give such commands is not so utterly preposterous. We can readily recall Rosa Bonheur painting in male blouse and trousers, or George Sand living a man's life without reaping the label of licentiousness. There were always such women, even in Victorian days, and there are certainly many today. In reactionary Russia a woman soldier organized an effective regiment of amazons which disappeared only because it was Aldershottian enough to be against the Revolution. Still this does not explain or prove anything in regard to the Maid of Orleans. There is no proof why, but this we do know — she wore these clothes only after she had received her mission from God. Undoubtedly then, it was done as a protection to her modesty in the rough life of the camp. She always slept fully dressed and all those who were intimate with her declared that there was something about her which repressed every unseemly thought in her regard.

We may accept and admire Joan then, as a sane and shrewd country girl possessed of extraordinary strength of soul, body and mind. Everything she did was thoroughly calculated; and, though the process of her Voices was so rapid that she was hardly human at times, she was a woman endowed with divine policy and not blind, devilish impulse. In war she was as much a realist as Napoleon. Her Voices did not expect besieged cities to fall Jericho-wise at the sound of Joan's trumpet, instead they invested in her a stable knowledge of all things military, which rather upsets the attempt of many romantics and playwrights who have pictured her as a charming and beautiful heroine. It was for God and Joan's personal virtue to

shed on her name a lustre more real, more lasting than the romantic, giving to her more power than heroism ever wielded.

Coming to the court of the Dauphin, Joan was only an humble daughter of the soil still peasant-like in her matter-of-factness and simplicity. She had the respectable countrywoman's sense of the value of public decency and a saint's desire for virtue and purity. She would not tolerate foul language and neglect of religious observances nor would she allow disreputable women to loiter around her soldiers. In her simple directness she talked to and dealt with potentates as well as laborers without embarrassment or affectation. She could obey, or she could command. She was a divinely inspired leader and a martyred saint.

All this must be taken in the light of one factor — Joan was only a girl in her teens. If she had been a woman of fifty we could easily visualize her type, for we have many managing women among us today of that age who could illustrate perfectly the sort of person we might imagine Joan to have been. Still Joan, yet a lass, carried the fate of France on her narrow shoulders and was successful. She worked commonsensically, directed by her Voices, and not by a diplomatic cunning learned by contact with the political and military world. Joan's diplomacy was her trust in God; her success was her martyrdom. This combination of youth, religious sanctity, diplomatic ignorance, joined with a boundless natural capacity, courage, devotion, and energy fully account for all the facts in Joan's life, but make her a slightly incredible historical and human phenomenon that clashes most discordantly both with the idolatrous romance that has grown up around her as well as the belittling, bigoted scepticism that reacts against that romance.

A passing glance at literature clearly reveals to us these idolizations and reactions. First, we shall see Joan as she appears in the Shakespearean trilogy of *Henry the Sixth*.

Shakespeare's portrait of the Maid is no more authentic than the descriptions in the London papers of George Washington in 1780, or of Napoleon in 1803. The impression left by this verbal picture of Joan is an attempt to redeem her from downright infamy by shedding a momentary glamor on her figure. Shakespeare introduces all the charges of sorcery and heresy against her, assuming her to be guilty of them. Without this his play could not have been produced in his day. More than likely, Shakespeare introduced this personal charm as a balancing factor to the condemnation of sorcery and heresy. Here then, we have not an historical account, but a dramatic presentation of the Maid and on that alone can we judge the mind of Shakespeare in this matter.

Two centuries later, Frederich von Schiller presented *Die Jungfrau von Orleans* as a glamorous, beautiful heroine of romance and adventure. There is little of Schiller's Joan which has any relation to exact reality other than her Catholicity. With dramaturgic selectivity the German recognized in the Maid from Orleans dramatic possibilities and treated only of these, leaving history and posterity to their arguments and controversies.

In 1841 Quicherat's publication of the reports of Joan's trial and rehabilitation rekindled the discussion which has been flaming on both sides of the Atlantic ever since. Quicherat's sincere, realistic documents created a sensible interest in the Maid which all previous literary publications had sadly missed. Typical examples of that aroused interest in both America and England are the histories of the Maid by our own Mark Twain and the Scottish author, Andrew Lang.

Mark Twain's *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* appears as an imaginary memoir. His Joan wore as many ruffles and petticoats as any maid who attracted the wandering eyes of Henry the Eighth. Mark Twain obviously is infatuated with Joan, therefore, it is his description rather than his evaluation that is wrong. He wrote his

biography frankly as a romance, determined to make Joan a most lady-like Victorian, yet always cognizant of her great capacity for leadership and militarism. Off the battle-field the Maid is a Madame du Barry, on it she is another Napoleon, is the message that Mark Twain leaves to his readers.

Andrew Lang, on the other hand, wrote his biography of Joan more as a criticism of a preceding work than as something original. Lang's inspiration was a modified French presentation, *La Jeanne d'Arc d'Anatole France. The Maid of France*, Lang's biography, loses some of its interest through its constant reference to Anatole France's work, though it is full of the most devoted sympathy for the Maid. Monsieur France's book attributes Joan's ideas of divine inspiration to clerical prompting and her military success to an adroit use of her by Dunois as a "mascotte." At this injustice Lang rebelled. His life of Joan was written as a corrective to the other. The Scot had no difficulty in proving that Joan's ability was not an unnatural fiction to be explained away as an illusion manufactured by clerics and soldiers, but a straightforward fact.

Last comes George Bernard Shaw's play, *Saint Joan*. Obviously in a mental state of egotistical dotage, he tries to deal in dramatic form with a subject so delicate as interpreting the life of a saint. Throughout his work Joan appears almost as ridiculous. It is true that Shaw sticks to historical fact, but he constantly twists Catholic doctrine to make the Maid so incredibly ignorant that one would judge her to be, at the very least, a puerile-minded misled puppet. For Shaw, Pierre Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, was the hero, whereas he was a scoundrel working for English money and hoping for ecclesiastical promotion. Why Shaw chose to term his publication a drama is hard to distinguish for there is nothing dramatic about it, excepting the form. Pleasing as it may be to Catholics seeing one of their saints appear in literature, it is, nevertheless, a sad state of affairs when a man as totally ignorant of or

as biased toward Catholicism as George Shaw vainly attempts to deal with the life of a saint. It is ironical and pathetic.

Added to these literary incongruities there exist many points of difference concerning the fairness of her trial and her subsequent rehabilitation in 1456. After Joan's capture at Compiegne, the English bought her from John of Luxemburg for a sum of money equivalent to \$110,000. There can be no doubt that the English, partly because they feared their prisoner with a superstitious terror, partly because they were ashamed of the dread which she inspired, were determined at all costs to take her life. Naturally they could not condemn her to die for defeating them in battle, so they proceeded to try her on charges of heresy and witchcraft. Her alleged offenses were not against England, not the Burgundians, but ironically against God and Christian morality. On February 21, 1431 her trial opened. She was not permitted an advocate of her own choice and, though arraigned before a quasi-ecclesiastical court, she was detained in the Castle of Rouen, a secular prison, with dissolute English soldiers as her guards.

The tragic feature of this fiasco was that Joan did not understand that of which she was accused. Her attachment to the Catholic Church differed widely from the views entertained by her judge, the Bishop of Beauvais. He was only an ambitious cleric, she was a saint. Joan delighted in the solaces the Church offers to pious, sensitive souls: to her, prayer was a wonderful conversation with God; to her, Confession and Communion were luxuries. To Cauchon, these were laborious necessities for a cleric, while her ignorance of theologic terms and philosophic discussion was a sign of heresy. Had Joan been simply a quiet country-girl like Saint Theresa of the Little Flower, rather than the deliverer of France, Pierre Cauchon would have declared her a saint. But politics and secularism are ambitious, so Joan was pronounced a heretic.

The injustice of Joan's trial was proved by her own

unconsciousness of the charges. Her solutions of the problems presented to her were the plainest common sense and their revelation to Joan by her Voices was to the Maid a simple matter of fact. How then could her judges accuse her of heresy? So Joan remained silent. When rival prophetresses came into the field, she denounced them as liars and imposters, but she never accused them of heresy nor, for that matter, did her judges. But Joan was a political power, so she was burnt. Thus we see the irresistible force of Saint Joan meeting the immovable obstacle of political convenience and developing into the heat that consumed the poor Maid, leaving her triumph and holiness to be proved in the rehabilitation.

Twenty-five years later a revision of her trial, the "process de rehabilitation," was opened in Paris with the consent of the Holy See. The popular sentiment was then very different and, with but the rarest exceptions, all the witnesses were eager to render their tribute to the virtues and supernatural gifts of the Maid. The first trial had been conducted without reference to the Pope, indeed, it had been carried out in defiance of Joan's appeal to the Head of the Church. Now an appellate court duly constituted by the Pope, after long inquiry and examination of witnesses, reversed and annulled the previous sentence pronounced by a local tribunal under Cauchon's presidency. The illegality and prejudice of the former proceedings were made clear and it speaks well for the sincerity of the rehabilitation that this could not be done without inflicting some degree of reproach both upon the King of France as well as a number of prominent Churchmen. But seeing that so great an injustice had been perpetrated and had so long been suffered to continue unredressed, the rehabilitation trial was frank and honest in all its pronouncements.

Even before the rehabilitation, keen observers, like Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II, though still in doubt as to her mission, had discerned some-

thing of the heavenly character of the Maid. Then too, unlike Shakespeare's time, historians were prevailing upon a more just estimate of Joan as evidenced in the pages of Speed's *History of Great Britaine*. By the opening of the nineteenth century the sympathy for her even in England was quite general. Such writers as Southey, Hallam, Sharon Turner, Carlyle, Landor, and above all DeQuincey greeted the Maid with a tribute of respect which was not surpassed even in her native land. Among her Catholic countrymen she had been regarded, even during her life, as divinely inspired.

At last the cause for her beatification was introduced upon the occasion of an appeal addressed to the Holy See in 1869, by Monsignor Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and, after passing through all its stages and being duly confirmed by the necessary miracles, the process ended in the decree published by Pope Pius X on April 11, 1909. And finally in 1920 the Catholic Church proclaimed this persecuted Maid of Orleans, this paradoxical figure of history, Saint Joan of Arc.

“Smotherhood”

Lawrence Moriarty

IN MAY, the whole world breathes of gladness, the soft fingers of spring play a melody of love on the hearts of all. It was this same balmy May four years ago that gave utterance to the five joyful mysteries in Canada's Rosary of Motherhood, the Dionne quintuplets. These darlings of the world have chuckled their way through four years of life, unconscious of the sensation they are producing, unaware that someone begrudges them a chance to live.

May 28, 1934. Although this birthday will probably always be remembered by a great number of people, there are some who have reason to recall it more vividly than others. Naturally, the parents will rejoice each year when this date once more reminds them of God's singular favor to them. The doctor who brought the babies into this world will never forget the distinctive honors and the world-wide fame that the birth of the quintuplets brought to him. For these people, this date should be filled with joyful recollections but for someone else the memory of this day should be as a stab in the back. The woman who now forgets that she was once a baby, the woman who would deny to others the privilege she chanced to have, Margaret Sanger, leader of the birth control movement, is the person to whom I refer. The supposition may be incorrect but somehow I am inclined to believe that the birth of the quintuplets was not a mere natural anomaly but a direct, timely act of Divine Providence to set an erring world back on the path of Christian morality.

In a rude garret of a tenement on New York's lower East Side a middle aged nurse is assisting at a birth. All around parades uncleanness and filth. The cries of the

This essay won the first prize in the Alumni Essay Contest, 1938.

suffering mother for relief from pain fall on the deaf ears of Poverty. As the nurse regards the child, she cannot help but wonder just what the future holds for this babe of need and filth. He will not rub elbows with poverty and squalor and one day become just another burden to society, will he? Right there and then is born (as she thinks) the ignoble crusade against nature, the crusade that annually will mean a decrease of one million in the national population. That nurse, Margaret Sanger, elected herself President of the birth control movement in America. Perhaps at that time, she was moved by the noblest of humanitarian ideals but subsequent events snatch away the wings of the angel of mercy and replace them with the horns of an imp of hatred because 1931 was to find her one of the chief pope-baiters and one of the bitterest antagonists Pius XI ever had, for she declares that the position of the Catholic Church is illogical, not in accord with science and definitely against social welfare and race improvement.

The principle of birth control is the following: Through the spread of the knowledge of the use of contraceptives, people of the lower types are to have few or no children while the people of the higher classes are to be responsible for our future population. This principle may be found in any birth control treatise but between the lines the careful reader may also discern another; There is no future life. The birth control advocates maintain that in the heart of man are found no spiritual principles: that he has neither a purpose in this life nor a victory to gain in the next. Grant these tenets and birth control becomes the most rational and logical philosophy in existence. If there is no reason for a man to exist, why cause him to exist? But — the basic principle is wrong. It glorifies the means but despises the end. They tell us that the laws of nature are all wrong. As for the children born in poverty, even Margaret Sanger might concede that the little tykes may one day make good preachers of their gospel.

What if Mrs. Sanger's mother had practiced birth control? If it were foretold that Mrs. Brown's tenth baby would one day become president of these United States, having conquered his poverty, surely that child would be allowed to live. How then can they justify themselves in denying existence to those who have an opportunity to become adopted sons of God? Poverty must never, or at least not too many times, witness births. But — are not children wealth? Ask that scrub-woman there in the hall. Ask that janitor sweeping the basement. Why they'll laugh at you. You do not know two and two are four. You cannot take away her angel Mary or his rascal Billy for all the wealth of Croesus.

In 1931 Pope Pius XI issued an encyclical on divorce, birth control, companionate marriage, and other such immoralities which provided a fillip to the pope-baiters. Birth control is no new invention. Pagan Rome knew all about it and despite their knowledge of the evil and its consequences they did not stem that tide of immorality and one day Rome, mighty mistress of the world, toppled from her proud throne. Race suicide is possible, but when the Pope hints at it, he is considered, as a scholar of our day aptly expresses it, to be talking through his tiara. The opposition to birth control methods on the part of the Church is not based on ecclesiastical policy or Church Law, as many people, even Catholics, erroneously believe. The Church merely interprets the law of nature and holds that a perversion of a function of nature is a perversion of the Divine Will by which the laws of nature have been established. Anyone well-informed can tell you that. The immorality of birth control is not a matter of authority but of common sense. It is wrong because reason says it is wrong — for it is the abuse of God-given faculties — but since the Catholic Church is one of the very few institutions which uphold reason today, that which reason condemns is usually identified with what the Catholic Church condemns. By opposing birth control the Church is mak-

ing it possible for democracy to survive. Even though every year one million never see this world, still the birth control advocates shout: "Oh yes, Rome fell because of immorality, because they destroyed themselves. But it cannot happen here." It can happen here and the Church does not have to read books in order to tell us. At every event in history she was a participant. As others tell about history, she can smile for she is history. When Rome fell, she was there and she knew the reason for that fall to be in the weakness of the Roman physique and the degeneracy of the Roman mind due to the rampant practice of birth control.

The Catholic Church's philosophy of procreation, Monsignor Sheen tells us, is based on the wonderful truth that human begetting human is not imitating the lower animals but the God Who rules above. Procreation is not a shove from the mud but a fall from the stars. Human begetting human is a philosophy of self-expression and self-expression belongs to God from all eternity. He too had a Son, the image of His Substance. And because God's grandest self-expression is found in man, He committed to parents the work of raising up other children and He endowed them with a double privilege; that of shaping something in their own image and likeness and that of giving to their children another birth in the Sacrament of Baptism. That is why the grandest secret on earth between man and wife is called a little bit of heaven.

These are the spiritual reasons behind the family and I am afraid, as someone has said, that those who challenge these reasons do not even know the meaning of love, for love tends to an incarnation which is birth; and incarnation naturally tends to a crucifixion, which is the labor and sacrifice of birth; and the crucifixion naturally tends to the resurrection and that is Heaven and Heaven is a place where there are only Children for "Unless you become as a little child, you cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Memory's Obsession

*N. Theodore Staudt
Richard J. Trame*

ANUKET'S BUSINESS section was a shadowy mass of shuttered windows and shining street lights as Norman and I strolled along Queen Street into the lower district of the city. During that entire day and many previous we had frequented every conceivable nook and corner of the city, searching vainly for a new locale, an original character to animate the pages of the novel I was hoping soon to transcribe onto paper. Tonight, I promised myself, we would succeed in spite of Norman's many adverse opinions.

The full-faced moon shone palely down on this disreputable street, its ghost-like light accentuating the shabby stores and streaky windows. In front of one of these greasy windowed buildings that bore the sign, "Dine and Dance," I stopped.

"Norman, there should be something in here," I said, trying to peer through the shuttered window.

"In there?"

"I'll admit the place isn't much on looks, but from past experience I know that life is nearer the surface here than in the Waldorf-Astoria."

With a feeble shrug of his shoulders Norman followed me through the rickety door. Inside was a bar with several tables, while only the clinking of glasses broke the silence of the nameless place. Huddled about one table, like bent and gnarled old trees, three ageless cronies sat sipping their drinks. The dim light and their stooped position hid their identity, still I could not help noticing their tattered clothes and their hair, wild and loose, that hung on their

heads like the Maenad's uplifted locks. This trio was conferring in undertones, while occasionally their laughter rose through the musty atmosphere, eerie, ruthless, uncouth.

The bar-tender leaned against the back-bar, framed by rows of bottles, mostly cheap liqueurs. A fly-specked, rotogravure picture of Roosevelt in a dime store frame hung above the bar mirror. In a corner was a time-worn piano, near which sat a man idly rolling a cigarette. The whole place was on the shabby side, but somehow there lurked in the shadowed corners, in the musty atmosphere a sense of something fine.

Thoughtfully and quietly we downed a round of Hennessy, at least the bottle was marked thus, and reached frantically for the insipid concoction the bar-tender called a "chaser."

"Nice place for a murder story," commented Norman.

"You can never tell what we might find."

"You mean we're staying here for awhile?"

Smiling at Norman's lack of interest and his sensitive aversion to these surroundings, I ordered another drink.

In the middle of our imbibition the music from the piano across the room broke through the smoky air. The melody was so mechanical and poorly played that I thought at first it was a nickelodeon until I glanced over and saw the man who was rolling the cigaret, at the keyboard. He was an old man, at least so he seemed. Poorly clad, miserable-looking, his expressionless face was rather difficult to analyze. Straggled, gray-streaked hair topped his bowed head, covering weary, bloodshot eyes. His whole appearance was one of distress, of pain, of tragedy. To him the future seemed only to hold the inevitable, almost welcome transition — death. But from some internal fire came a glow that animated his eyes almost to making them living pools of thought. Still, as he hammered the keys in an almost unrecognizable rendition of "Liebestraum" he

could not smother the hungry fire of memory and longing which, like a glance backward, was hurriedly and shyly repeated.

"Rather interesting," I said.

Taking a sip of his liqueur, Norman answered, "You jump at every rotter you chance to see. Go ahead, Sherlock."

My friend was still on "Liebestraum" when I reached the piano and stood watching his fingers slovenly pick out the notes. Waiting until he finished I asked him if he knew, "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life."

Without a glance he began picking out his concept of the melody, often hitting entirely wrong chords, but that in no wise deterred him. He seemed dreamily unconscious of the fact that he was playing a piano and occasionally the music sounded like it. But the romance in me would not be stilled and I decided to draw him out, if possible.

"Do you know any Wagner?" I asked.

Immediately he responded with some semblance of the beautiful aria, "Air to the Evening Star" from *Tannhauser*. This selection was rendered in the same mechanical non-chalance that marked the others. Still a man had to have some training in music in order to play opera in whatever shape or form this was being played. Even with my feeble musical ear I could detect a suggestion of delicacy and understanding comparable to a master's.

"Play your favorite, will you?" I asked, hoping to arouse a respondent chord.

"Sure," and he laughed bitterly, as he snuffed out his cigarette. Then striking the pose of a Liszt he swept into one of the wildest, hackneyed discords of "Tiger Rag" that my ears had ever heard.

With a sneer, he questioned, "Like it?"

"I guess so."

Then his eyes met mine and spoke a question more tragic than even his rendition of Harlem's pride and joy.

There was contempt in those eyes, but it wavered toward a plea — this man was proud and I was convinced he had a reason, maybe more reason than I. He had a story, he had a past, and I was positive he had a memory that hurt deeper than my pen could ever write. The man in me gave way to the artist and boldly I voiced my thoughts.

"Why don't you play as you once did?"

Nervously he sat there, biting his lips, regarding his hands bitterly, forgetting completely that he couldn't play — but he didn't answer — just sat staring — seeing scenes that hurt his heart more than his eyes which were now a liquid, tender blue.

Then, as suddenly as he had stopped, his fingers reached for the keys, hesitated momentarily, and then began to play. With the first sweep of his fingers, I knew. It was "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." All the savage senselessness, all the unfeeling hammering was absent as the music and his thoughts grew closer, more one. With a master's touch he caressed the keys, his fingers lifting more surely over the keyboard until not only the music, but every line of his face was the tragedy of a memory. His meditative hands caused his very thoughts to rise up out of the instrument — a lasting eulogy to an undying memory. It developed, then faded and abruptly he stopped.

My words broke the hush, but not the spell.

"A woman?"

"No! An angel." His voice was tired with an infinite tiredness.

"Her name?"

"LaNette Cleville."

"The singer?"

"Yes."

The curtness of his answers indicated more in their intensity than words with their meaning. Still, I endeavored to draw him out to the fullest.

"Certainly, you must know the circumstance of her death," I continued.

"I do. It was just ten years ago today that —."

As suddenly as he had started he stopped and sat staring sadly into an empty space that for him was bleeding pictures from the deepest cuts in his heart. In a smooth, whispering tone he put his memory into words as poetically tragic as the deed itself. As he spoke a half cynical sneer vied with a tearful smile at the corner of his lips. The words flooded forth without effort, without thought as if he had made them as much a part of him as the melodic rhythm of his music.

"I can see it yet. A month of heaven or was it hell? It is hard to say, but it was best.

The moon cast a ripple of gold on the shimmering, soft sea. All was heavenly, blissfully beautiful as the gondola glided across the Venetian waters, filling us with an awe as mystically romantic as the songs LaNette used to sing.

Floating in that dream boat, listening to the wonder of her voice, looking at the glory that was LaNette is it any wonder that I, Phillip Bassett, her accompanist, should ask her to marry me?

When she refused, I was not overly surprised for one in her position could chose and need not wait to be chosen. But when I suggested the possibility of another, her answer not only thrilled but puzzled me.

In a most suppliant plea she answered my accusation: 'No, no, Phillip. There is no other. I love only you. How could you be so cruel to suppose that of me? You are all that is love in my life, but I can't—.' She never finished, for her voice trailed off into the lapping waters as her eyes melted into hot tears.

When the gondola drew up alongside the pier, she immediately hastened toward the shore house with a plea that she could not explain that night, but should I call on the morrow she would tell me all.

Having slept but little that night, I arose very early the next morning quite in time to watch the dawning sun

peek through the azure blue and frolic on the water before beginning its daily circuit of our globe.

After some time of idle musing and a good many glances at the bewitching tranquility of the morning, I finally started toward LaNette's hotel.

Upon entering the parlor of her apartment, I was accosted by her French maid, Colette. 'Madamoiselle est tres mal. Le medicin est avec elle maintenant.'

For all my questioning I could learn no more and could get no further than the parlor. This continued for three days, during which time the vigilance of Colette never wavered either day or night.

On the fourth day, however, LaNette stood in the doorway to greet me. Seeing her before me sent a feeling of joy to my heart, causing me to forget all that had preceded.

Each day for the next week we continued to enjoy ourselves with early morning walks along the beach, mid-day rides through the surrounding country-side, cool evening sailings through the watery streets of Venice. During these hours LaNette would let the early morning sun transfigure the fleecy bloneness of her hair into a crown of sparkling gold, or she would sit long looking out over the sea as her eyes seemingly searched beyond the waters of life itself, but never did she raise her voice in song and seldom did she speak. Neither by word nor action did we recall the scenes or the unfinished conversation of that night before her illness.

Feeling somewhat better, though still given to moments of weakness, LaNette, one day, suggested a drive to Rome. We journeyed practically all day, stopping about dusk at the Cafe Bracalito, an exclusive rendezvous, near the historically famous Italian capital.

Early the next morning we decided to climb one of the hills overlooking Rome — there to enjoy the scenery, there to stand, five thousand feet above the city, like flies on a block of stone. In the thin liquefying haze of early

morning the virginal peaks around us were clearly outlined against the boundlessness of the heavens, remote and perilous. The brilliancy of the brassy sun was reflected in a million dazzling pinpoints of light from the rocky aretes of the shining precipices. There we stood absorbed — long looking over the remains of the buildings of ancient Rome. While standing thus in our reverie, LaNette gave poetic voice to a thought that grows more tragic with each passing day.

*'The city of Rome before us,
The city of ancient Rome,
Where men once stood where we stand,
Where men will stand where we stand.'*

These words drew my attention to her and I noticed her trembling like a fragile limb in a blasting gale. She turned from the precipice and with a lurch fell faint into my arms. There was a paleness about her mouth, but there remained that fire in her eyes.

'It's all right, Phillip. It's just I should not have come,' she said and smiled weakly.

I tried to stimulate her circulation, but the coldness kept creeping in. I never knew what death was like until I felt it stealing slowly into my arms. Poor LaNette — she knew, yet she smiled.

'Don't mind, Phillip. It is best this way.'

Then slowly her blue eyes closed, so slowly life left free her soul. But before the end she whispered near my ear.

'I found life here — it is well it ends here.' And she was dead.

Two days later Father Barboldi blessed her remains and interred them on the spot where death entered my heart, yet left my body free to roam this vale of sorrow.

The following day I hastened to Paris, there to confront LaNette's parents with my story. It was here I learned why LaNette, at the peak of her career, had left the opera; it was here I learned why she, though loving me, had re-

fused to marry me. Her days were numbered — she was a victim of a fatal heart disease and, knowing it, she chose to suffer alone and thus to die without hurting too deeply those whom she loved. She tried, but she failed for her death was mine."

For a moment the old man sat staring, then rose and walked out of the door without a word to anyone — a man living a memory.

Little Hours

John Bannon

Prime

The infant sun stretches his chubby hands
to grasp the fleeting diamond stars.

The Jews bind the arms of the
Nazarene and thrust Him behind cold bars.

Terce

The growing sun fills the strength
of men because he conquers night.
Jesus weaker from the blows
Stands mute — no thought of flight.

Sext

The glorious sun in manhood's right
drives his chariot through the sky.
They make Simon bear the cross —
Too soon the Man may die.

None

What power strange can dark the sun
before the day is done?
Calvary's heights has now the cross.
He dies but Who has won?

Amoeba Chaos chaos

Joseph B. Westhoven

THE WORDS Chaos chaos to very many people most probably signifies confusion or destruction. To the zoologist though, they have a very definite, distinct meaning in that they denote the largest and most probably the first amoeba ever to be discovered. After this giant amoeba was first seen by a German naturalist in 1755 it eluded permanent culture for nearly two centuries. But in 1936 in a New Jersey marsh, Dr. A. A. Schneffer, a noted authority on Protozoa, rediscovered this long-sought, elusive protozoan.

Amoeba may be defined simply as a naked one-celled body of protoplasm. Within the protoplasm is found the ectoplasm, endoplasm, many nuclei, several contractile vacuoles, food vacuoles and several extraneous structures such as water vacuoles and oil droplets. The ectoplasm differs from the endoplasm in that it does not contain granules. It appears as a fluid-like non-granular mass of protoplasm. The width of the ectoplasmic mass varies, but this inconsistency could most probably be attributed to the protoplasmic processes taking place within the cell body.

The endoplasm appears as a dense, granular, mesh-like structure. It forms the greater part of the protoplasmic mass and within it are found the many endoplasmic granules besides the temporary and permanent vacuoles.

The outstanding characteristic of the amoeba Chaos chaos is its great size. While in locomotion it frequently attains the length of five millimeters. Because of this extraordinary size it can readily be seen with the naked eye.

The amoeba Chaos chaos differs from other amoeba

also in the number of nuclei and contractile vacuoles. According to Doctor Schneffer, Chaos chaos contains as many as one thousand or more nuclei, thereby making the organism multi-nucleate, while other amoeba contain but one. Chaos chaos also contains several contractile vacuoles while other amoebae usually contain but one.

The organs of locomotion of Chaos chaos are the same as of other amoebae, the pseudopodin. The pseudopodin can be defined as portions of the body plasm temporarily protruded. They present odd looking structures, since some are straight protrusions while others may be curved or bent and some even display a branching "Y" shape. In general, though it may be said that the pseudopodin of Chaos chaos are blunt, fingerlike structures that seem to be "pushed out" from the body wall at any point that may be necessary. The only means of locomotion known of Chaos chaos are the pseudopodia. To describe this amoeboid motion would be very difficult, but it may be compared to a tractor on caterpillar treads with the ectoplasm functioning somewhat as an endless belt on a sac like covering.

The pseudopodia, besides being used for locomotion are also used for the purpose of ingestion. When a particle of food is about to be ingested the pseudopodia flow around the particle thereby capturing it and sucking it into the body by means of a food vacuole which is formed from the ectoplasm. The food vacuole serves as a temporary stomach for the amoeba. Digestive juices are secreted into the vacuole in order that the food may be digested and further absorbed into the protoplasm. In this way the nutrient parts of the food are utilized. The indigestible portions of food are removed by egestion. Since the indigestible matter is heavier than the body plasm this waste matter seems to lag behind to finally break off from the body at the end away from the direction of movement. In other words, the amoeba moves on its way, leaving the indigestible solids behind.

Besides indigestible matter there is also residual matter which must be removed from the body. This residual matter is the products of the oxidation of complex molecules within the body and consists of water, mineral substances, urea and carbon dioxide. This matter is removed by means of the excretory organs, the contractile vacuoles, which rise to the surface and discharge their contents by contraction.

A very striking difference between *Chaos chaos* and other amoebae is clearly brought out in reproduction. All amoebae divide by fission, but *Chaos chaos* forms three daughter cells instead of two as other amoebae do.

This difference in reproduction, which is not characteristic of amoeboid organisms together with its great size makes *Chaos chaos* a very fascinating organism to study. If this giant amoeba can be kept in isolated, permanent cultures for an indefinite length of time it will provide a great opportunity for studying the structure and physiological functions of amoebae. It may also bring to light many, new, fundamental biological principles.

Baby Breeches

James Hinton

IT IS AN alleged fact that most men, in the course of their career from childhood to manhood, outgrow and throw off the clothing of their former years. But did you ever stop to examine and ponder over the sackful of little everyday habits and eccentricities which adorn your character and person? Did you ever begin to wonder where, when, and how they came to attach themselves to you? If you haven't, you will be surprised to learn how many of these daily habits date back to the days when you were no higher than that (gesture). In your knapsack of natural accoutrements you will find many and many a habit which you donned with almost as much swank and swagger when you were a toddling tot as you do now when you are a man. They are the clothes which never wear out and are seldom outgrown; in fact, the longer you wear them the better they seem to fit.

Let me illustrate. The left-handed habit. If you are a southpaw, and if, among other left-handed occupations, you are accustomed to satisfying your abdominal urgings with the left hand, you may take it pretty well for granted that the first time you sat in a high-chair and spilt gravy all over your lap, that chubby little thing called the *manus dextra* had hold of a spoon, while that other chubby little thing called *manus sinistra* was busy bringing home the bacon — in a manner akin to this (gesture).

Another example: The chewing habit. If your fingernails are uncommonly short, and the eraser ends of your pen and pencil set bear tooth marks, you won't miss it too far by saying that in the days when your only means of transportation was crawling, you cruised about over the

house on all fours, teasing and fretting and trying to sharpen your uncut teeth on everything you could get into your mouth, from the toe of daddy's shoe to the coal-black poker handle under the kitchen stove, (if you had a stove).

Still another example: The thumb habit. One day, when I was three or four year old, and had a turpentined rag wrapped around each of my thumbs, (not because my thumbs were sore, but because turpentine tasted bad), my grand-dad told me the story of a big, black, six-foot, six-inch negro whom he knew. This dark man, he said, developed such a strong habit when he was a dark baby that, at the age of forty, he still sucked his thumb with a gusto that would put most babies to shame. Then grand-dad looked at me and said, "If you don't want to be like that old nigger, you'll do as your mother says and keep those thumbs out of your mouth." Fortunately, this thumb habit is, in practically all cases, outgrown and discarded by the time the age of reason is attained.

One habit of childhood, however, which is not so easily thrown off, is the case of the one narrated to me by a friend of mine concerning himself. This friend, it seems, was uncommonly bashful when he was a baby. The only persons to whom he would talk were dad and mother, and a brother and sister; and on cold days, probably not even to them. So it was all through early childhood, and the youngster came to be known as the boy whose tongue the cat had stolen away. But finally, at the age of six, my friend was compelled to enter school. Alas! It was there that his contemplative life was destined to end; the days of his hermitage were well nigh over, for Fate, it seems, had decreed that he should hold intercourse with man. However, he did not give up without a battle. For a whole week, with sullen mien and tight-lipped immobility, he defied the combined efforts of the good parish priest, of his classmates, and of five of the most persistent Sisters that the Dominican Order ever produced. Not one word could they force, tease, or coax him to utter. In despair they referred the case

of my friend to his own dad. Well, dad had a solution — so he thought! He takes sonny aside, and in a kind, fatherly manner threatens to make him sleep in the attic at night all by himself unless he talks at school the next day. Well, sonny didn't express any opinion on the subject, but to himself, he must have thought, So what? For next day he went to school as usual and refused to open his mouth once, except to yawn at 10 o'clock and eat his lunch at 12:00. Sonny did do some deep thinking that day though. He got to thinking about how dark that attic was going to be, and he up there all alone. And what if a fire broke out in the house? How would he get out? He remembered, too, having heard rats scampering across that old attic floor. He gave an involuntary shudder — Maybe he ought to talk after all. He looked up at teacher, almost wistfully — No, he wouldn't either! There was no future in it. He'd show them, he'd talk when he got good and ready. Of course, that attic business wasn't going to be so pleasant, but he guessed he'd go through with it. Neither for h— nor man was he going to waste his precious words. He had lived six years without talking, and he guessed he was good for sixty-six more. So six-year old sonny kept his silence.

He went home that night and calmly faced his dad's would-be punishment. Mother had consented to the plan and had the attic bed all ready when sonny silently marched upstairs to keep his rendezvous with those infernal rats and wink off a nine-hour siesta with them. Probably, what saved the day for sonny, however, was the fact that mother came around at the last minute, tucked in the covers nice and tight, kissed him good-night, and told him not to be afraid. Of course, when mother walked out and closed the door — it was a tough test for a six-year old, but sonny stuck to his sheets. And, believe it or not, he got up next morning, walked down to the breakfast table, and boldly announced that he had slept so well the night before that he intended to establish his permanent sleeping

quarters in the attic. He said it was better up there alone than it was downstairs with the rest of the family. And having thus delivered his ultimatum, sonny retreated into himself, locked the golden door, and enjoyed another day of perpetual silence.

Well, that was the last straw. Everybody despaired of sonny's ever being a conversationalist. They gave him up for lost. In short, he was an impossible case.

But it was those Dominican Sisters that, in the end, defeated sonny's tight-lipped performance. One of them proved too smart for him, and three days later he met his Waterloo. For, the second day after the attic episode, Sister "Wellington" came marching into the classroom with flying colors, and, in front of half the school, she threatened to put a dress on sonny if he didn't get up and read his lesson when his turn came. Whoa! That was a direct hit, and on a sore spot too. Nobody had ever called sonny a sissy before, and he didn't expect to be called that now after he'd shown his dad where to get off. His dad had failed to scare him out, and he wasn't going to let any woman scare him now. So he clenched his teeth and glared his defiance.

But the following day, sonny saw that Sister "Wellington" meant business. All morning he had been wondering what that funny-looking bundle was wrapped up on teacher's desk; he soon found out in the afternoon when his turn came to read. As the recitations proceeded slowly down the row toward sonny, he had a funny premonition; his heart told him all was not well. The man in front of him finished and sat down. Then things began to happen. Teacher called on sonny. He remained seated. He'd wait a while and watch the turn of the tide anyway, and then if necessary he'd call out his reserves. Teacher arose. She reached for the bundle on her desk, and began to unwrap it. The girls commenced to giggle; the boys began to look wise. Sonny waited a little longer. He saw the paper fall from the bundle and a girl's dress unfold itself to the view

of the class. Enough!! Sonny stood up. He began to read. He read not only his own lesson, but the lessons of all his classmates, twelve in number. He read, and he read, and he read, as never read boy before, and those who had never heard him talk opened their eyes in wonderment at the new sound. At last, sonny finished. He sat again —a thoroughly broken man.

So ended the bashfulness of my life-long friend. Several years have passed since then, and each day my friend becomes more and more thankful to that good Sister for all she did for him. Traces of his hermetic habit remain with him even today, but he is never so sorely afflicted as he was in boyhood.

Thus, I hope, you can see how habits attained in childhood may easily be retained and even strengthened in later years. So what? you say. You don't see the point? Well, don't let that bother you; I didn't see it either when I was writing this thing. Come to think of it, it is rather late in the game to be giving advice or warnings concerning the formation of childhood habits; for most of us, at least, are no longer babies. On the other hand, it's a bit too early to be handing out suggestions for second childhood. Consequently, the only purpose I can see in having written this speech is to waste six or seven or possibly eight minutes of your precious lives. And this purpose having been adequately accomplished the Bashful Boy himself will proceed to get down off this platform faster than he got up.

Measure

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Editorials

STATE EDUCATION SHOULD NOT BE IRRELIGIOUS

About fifty per cent of our Catholic children live in environments which are greatly detrimental to their health. They are daily exposed to many diseases which are in their very nature fatal. Of these children few will escape contagion. Some will succumb and die, others will recover and go crippled. But the greatest majority will never grow to maturity.

How startled we would be if this statement were true. If we knew that one half of our children were forced to live in quarters which brought them in contact with serious disease, it is quite probable that we would do something to end the peril. But, actually speaking, half of our children are daily exposed to dangers that are far more terrible than the possibility of physical decay. They are brought into contact with influence which will either weaken their faith or entirely destroy it.

The Catholic children in public schools have, at least, heard of Jesus Christ. But how long will they remember Him? Hear Him? Obey Him? Of His message nothing is taught them in school. What they need, far more than instructions in secular branches, is instructions in religion.

I do not look for the gradual extinction of the Catholic Church in this country, however. But, if we are to hold what has been gained, and extend the kingdom of Christ, as is the duty of every Catholic, we must speedily find or invent some way of caring for this flock without a shepherd. In recognition of this Bishop O'Hara says: "We are determined to arouse the American public to a recognition of the predicament of public school children. Public school authorities must be made to recognize the need of

cooperating with churches and homes. Otherwise American youth will not stand fast against the forces that threaten to overthrow our civilization."

Strange as it may seem to some Catholics, Bishop O'Hara was trying to impress upon the public consciousness some realization of certain facts which are clear to all whose work is with the young. To begin with the secular school activity promotes the growth of spiritual illiteracy. This means that not only our own unfortunate children in these schools are exposed to practical atheism, but also about ninety per cent of all American children are in schools which will turn them out into the world completely ignorant of God. And worst of all they will be content with their ignorance.

If we bring up children without religion, without morality based on religion, and without any realization of the truth that they are to praise, revere, and serve Almighty God, we cannot expect them to be Christians in thought and deed by the time they reach the age of twenty-one. It would be quite as reasonable to deprive them of every opportunity to learn how to read and write, and then to express surprise, that on arriving at their majority, they cannot think as Newton thought or write as Shakespeare wrote.

What some of us Catholics have yet to learn is that religion is a body of knowledge to be studied as well as a body of truths to be believed. If we do not study our religion we will never know it except by a special act of God. So we should use the means which help us to know it better and live it fruitfully, then we are more than mere Christians in name. Therefore, if we do not teach our children religion we cannot expect them to seek this knowledge of their own accord.

So far I have shown that many of our American youths are not instructed in religion, and the need for this instruction. Now I will give some ways by which this instruction can be accomplished. My plan is this: The

public schools should give instructions in religion for Catholics, Protestants, and Jews for a period of a half hour daily. These classes should be in charge of teachers certified for the work by their respective religious authorities. Children whose parents object to any of these three main groups should be given a course in ethics.

The exclusion of religion from schools is fatal. But while we plead for the religious education of the children in the public schools, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, we must not forget that for the training of the Catholic child nothing can take the place of the Catholic school. A half hour added to the program does not make the school a fit place for a Catholic child, for it does not make education religious. Religion is not something merely added to education, it is the soul of education, and without it there can be no true education.

Andrew G. Bourdow

AESTHETICS IN EDUCATION

In our modern system of education, one of the most noble of human gifts, the aesthetic sense, or that sense which enables us to see and appreciate the beautiful, has fallen to a most humble level. Practically deserted and forgotten, slighted and even scorned by the majority, the study of the fine arts for what some educators call the modern system, the program which teaches practicality and utility as the only method for advancement in our present-day world. This stand is particularly noted in the colleges and universities for men who rather think that the appreciation and study of the beautiful is something of an effeminate character. The true purpose of aesthetic education, therefore, constitutes a very important item for discussion.

In aesthetical training, training the art instinct, which is inherent to a greater or less degree in all men, is cultivated. The extent to which it is expressed naturally varies with the temperament of the individual himself. Many

labor under the belief that training in aesthetics has for its sole purpose the making of artists. Indeed this is only a correlative of artistic training in the broadest sense. The primary purpose is to awaken in the pupil consciousness of the beautiful, thus enabling him to perceive and enjoy creations of art which heretofore escaped his attention, unseen and unenjoyed.

How much, how very much, the beginner in this department has to find. Before this, for him, paintings of the great masters unobserved, carvings in stone and marble were objects to fill a museum, symphonies were a means of enjoyment for Mother and Dad. The student of fine art, however, delves into each of the great masterpieces and becomes aware of the abounding strength and richness of Rembrandt's "Night Watch;" he learns the force and power in the use of restraint in such a piece as Michelangelo's "Pieta;" he comes to fill his leisure hours with the joy of living in Chaucer, with the heavenliness of Thompson; he makes friends with countless authors. A new world is unfolded to him, a world full of inspiration, magnificence, admiration and delight.

It seems strange to think that a person can sit idly by, content in his failure to appreciate the beauties that are all about him, yet millions upon millions do this very thing. They are not to blame entirely — it is the system under which we are educated.

There is every reason in the world to throw open this store of knowledge and true pleasure to the students of the country, to enlighten them in the beauties now existing in the world, to awaken their aesthetic sense. In doing so, education would be more appealing to many.

With this awakening to a sense of the fineness of art, help will be given them to avoid the pitfalls of routine and what is far more, they will become broader and more cultured individuals — men who are in every best sense of the term strong.

N. Theodore Staudt

Book Reviews

History of the Church by Joseph Lortz. Translated and adapted from the fourth German Edition by Edwin G. Kaiser, C.P.P.S., S.T.D.; Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1938, 573 pp.

“Old Stuff!” the reader will say when glancing at the title of this book. To be sure, since the Church was instituted by Christ nearly twenty centuries ago countless writers have written books entitled *A History of the Church*. Close examination might reveal that several of these books are substantially the same, and to some extent they should be, for all accurate histories of any given institution should bear each other out, contain the same facts. But when we consider a book from a literary point of view we are not concerned primarily with the facts presented, but rather with the manner of their presentation, with the particular author's treatment of his subject.

We must consider the worth and merit of this book from two aspects, as a history, compiled and written by Lortz in the German, and as a piece of English literature, translated and adapted into our own language by Dr. Kaiser.

Our first consideration will be of the work as a history. Does the book, as a history, satisfy the demands which the name history makes upon it? Is it a systematic written account of events . . . connected with a philosophical explanation of their causes, or is it a mere relation of facts in strict chronological order?

That the history is systematic is shown in the author's recognition of the two great bases of division of Church history, the fall of the Roman Empire and its civilization, and the change in the mind and spirit of the Western peoples since the fourteenth century, and by his treatment of these twenty centuries in three sections, the age of Christian antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the modern

age. Each of these sections is developed by further subdivision into epochs and periods, each division having a logical basis for its existence. So much for the author's systematic method, which is so much in evidence that it cannot escape notice.

The philosophical explanation of these events is also offered in this work. It goes far beyond fulfilling the bare requirements of the rule. Lortz has sought, and found, the cause of individual events, traced from these events the greater movements which followed, and established logical reasons for these movements. He has discovered the links which these actions of man possess with the motive for action and power, and the relations of these actions to the eternal living Church, the mystical Body of Christ on Earth. Lortz recognizes and shows evidence of the Hand of God in man's activities. Time and again he shows instances where the Grace of God has exerted its tremendous influence in human history.

This seeking for, finding, the presentation of philosophical reasons for the organic development of the Church, showing Her as the only constant, eternal institution in our everchanging, transitory world is what gives the *History of the Church* its unique character. It offers to the reader something new in histories, an original viewpoint, an interpretation of the philosophical element in Church history, a statement of the present position of the Church, (1929) and an outlook into the future, all of which will be of great value to the average reader, as well as to the theological student. It is clear then that the *History of the Church*, when considered as a history, fulfills all that a definition of history demands.

Having adjudged the book in the light of its historical value we now turn to an evaluation of Dr. Kaiser's translation and adaptation of the work into our own language. In his preface to the translation Dr. Kaiser makes note of the fact that in his capacity as translator he did not undertake to rewrite the original, but to present in another

language "not his own, but the author's thoughts with such changes as are essential for proper presentation for a different public."

We must judge the finished work then in the light of what Dr. Kaiser set out to do. We must ascertain to what degree he was successful in attaining his end. Without the original text at hand we cannot see for ourselves to what extent the translator has made "such changes as are essential" for the presentation to English speaking peoples, primarily Americans. We can, however, measure the degree to which this book fulfills the demands which we make upon it, these being that the translated work should not contain any great amount of information peculiarly important to the people for whom the book was originally written, but of comparatively little interest to the readers of the translation; that the translation should read as well as if it were originally written in the language to which it is translated, that there be no traces of the mother tongue in the translation.

We find that Dr. Kaiser's work fulfills these demands and more. Undoubtedly the original text, being written primarily for the German peoples laid great stress on the conversion of the German tribes, their influence on Christianity, and other points of Church history in Germany. A history written for an Anglo-Saxon people would not find these elements so important and it is reasonably safe to assume that Dr. Kaiser has employed admirable restraint in minimizing them greatly.

Considered from the viewpoint of the language adopted the translation will satisfy the most exacting critic. The sentences are clear-cut, crisp, and pithy. The continuity between paragraphs, often utterly lacking in a work of this kind makes the text read as interestingly as a finely written novel.

Summing up we will say that whether the reader be looking for historical facts, sound philosophy, or literary enjoyment he will be more than pleased with the amount

of each that he will find in this *History of the Church*, a book that deserves a prominent place on the library shelves of every Catholic layman, priest, and institution.

John J. Morrison

The Long Tomorrow by Evelyn Voss Wise. New York;
The Appleton-Century Company, 1938, 253 pp.

This novel had the distinction of being selected by the Catholic Book Club as the book of the month for April. It is a significant choice, not because the book is a conclusive answer to the question of Catholic art, but because it is a bright example of what Catholic art might be, even in this twentieth century of streamlined philosophies and undigested knowledge.

The Long Tomorrow is a simple Catholic story well told. The scene is a crossroads on the open plains of Minnesota, with the nearest church fifteen miles away. On the corner are two houses, — one the home of the Carlsons, thrifty Scandinavians who still read their Lutheran Bible in the Norwegian tongue, and the other where the Monahans live, a shiftless family with a flock of wild, lovable children. Into this racial fry comes a Swiss priest, Father Pierre. Up to this point it sounds like the time-worn story of final repentance and conversion, but at this point the story becomes different. This is a story not so much of Catholicism, but of a man who was a Catholic priest, not a spiritual tale but a human one. In the course of long years, as the "Corners" grows contented and prosperous through the industry of the pastor, the barriers of prejudice melt away through common gratitude and affection toward the man who "had been a father to this part of the country."

In Father Pierre the author shows a remarkable observation of a priest's character and an intuitive insight into the cultured dreams and wholesome ideals of his life set

apart. This particular one loved the open, unspoiled country, not only from the poet's viewpoint, but with an eye for the material wealth which he, as a trail-cutting pioneer, considered the stepping stone and accompaniment of any spiritual progress. So began the cooperative dairy business, — toward which the first cows were provided by a wealthy man whom the priest had befriended, at any price the settlers were able to pay — and the Swiss cheese factory personally supervised by the priest. Other traits of character are prominent, such as a love of animals, and above all a Frenchman's childlike trust in God which is made the guiding force of his nature in a way that is by no means preachy, but truly beautiful and inspiring.

With the exception of Father Pierre, the reader must look to the women in the book for full and vital character — to Ronhild, who grew from child to grandmother under Father's eye, to the implacable Helga Carlson, and to the round and carefree Mrs. Monahan. There are other characters in whom we delight for their very halo of unreality and the past they reflect. Such are the backwoods Carpentiers and Tibish-Ko-Gi-Jik, the Indian in whom Father Pierre struck a responsive chord. The two would visit for hours without speaking a word between them.

Still this book is by no means a study of character. It is a story of character, but above all it is a story. The plot would have given the ancient Greeks a headache, except as a biographical tale, for it covers a period of fifty years in five times as many pages. It is a quiet story, which we read for its absorbing movement and enjoy for its charm of narration. It is as utterly free from evangelization as the story of a priest can be. There is no mention of how many converts were made in the little parish. It has something better than a moral lesson. A Catholic philosophy, a Catholic way of looking at life, is the very soul of the book, and that philosophy is not thinly interspersed, but richly interfused, and gains strength by its restraint.

William Kramer

The Modern Galahad—Life of St. John Berchmans
by Rev. Albert S. Foley, S.J.; Milwaukee: The
Bruce Publishing Company, 1937, 241 pp.

Among the vast number of children residing in the world today, there are few who have not delved into the adventures and romances of the Knights of the Round Table. First, and above all others in this group comes the story of Sir Galahad and his quest of the Holy Grail. With this in mind Father Foley has written a splendid biography of a great saint and has compared him with the prominent Arthurian figure.

John Berchmans was the oldest son of a middle class father and an aristocratic mother, both good Catholic people who raised their children to walk in the footsteps of the Lord. From early childhood John clearly showed that he was to be a servant of God. Mass was never too early to prevent young Berchmans from appearing on the altar attired in the vestments of the altar boy. He was a quiet reserved sort of chap. But John had a goal in life; this goal was the serving of Christ and the Church in his every action and with this objective firmly planted in his heart and mind he set out on a journey which could only be terminated by death. His many years of hard study were no doubt made easier by the determination to do all things for the honor and glory of his Master, Jesus Christ.

From the writings left us on the death of several of his superiors there is to be found many testimonials of his fidelity to every rule of the Jesuit order, of which he was a member. No task was too large or small for this hardy Belgian youth. He once wrote in his notes, taken during periods of meditation, that he believed that God was being cheated of his rightful glory whenever any of His creatures was lax in his or her duty. With such a religious motive we can see that he no doubt did more than was expected of him.

Though his goal of converting the eastern world to Catholicism was never reached, his name need be but mentioned and the devout Jesuit will bow his head in homage to this great servant of God. He gave up his future, his family, and even his life with no thought of future reward but did so for the fervent love of his Master who died on the cross of Calvary to save the souls of the faithful. His every act was a shining example to all who follow in his footsteps. Even in death this saint wanted to do more for Christ.

Without the flying banners and blaring trumpets which are so essential to the knight of old, John Berchmans bore God's will through the strife. But now the adventure is over, his work is done. His only reward is the good he has done for humanity. He has gone to live forever in the house of his Master. In that ending lies the difference in the life of the saint and the knight of old, Galahad. It is the bitter mental agony and the great physical pain of Berchmans' last days on earth that is missing from the Galahad legend. When the knight was needed no longer he merely vanished from the page whereas the death of the saint is more like unto that of Christ. His last words rang out clear over the mutterings of his brothers in a final act of love, "Consummatum Est." The will of God had been fulfilled in his obedience to the Jesuit rule. He stated on his death bed that he had never wilfully violated any rule of the community. The quest could now be ended in the Holy Vision. The reality had surpassed the legend.

At first thought the average reader is rather hesitant in choosing the life of a saint for enjoyment. After reading the life of this wonderful saint, one finds his former beliefs shattered. Reading this book was more like reading the story of a great adventure. The story is made more interesting by the use of notes that the saint wrote during meditation from his early childhood to his death.

The book has been truly an inspiration to Catholic youth. It is inspiring in regards to the manner in which the

author brings out the great love the saint had for his parents but to love God more he gave up this love.

The author gives credit where credit is due and as one would say 'doesn't pull his punches.' He is not at all afraid to point out the folly and weaknesses of various members of the order and John's father as well. His remarks, though somewhat long, concerning the lives of the teachers and superiors during John's years of study, are somewhat interesting and in some cases books have been written on their lives. The book lacks nothing as it is educational, interesting, and enlightening and the comparison of the saint and knight is brought out so clearly that the small child could readily understand it quite easily.

James J. Casper

Shadow and Substance by Paul Vincent Carroll. New York: Random House, 176 pp.

Shadow and Substance, a drama dealing with the Catholic Church in a land "both old and young; old in its Christianity and young in the promise of its future," gives the reader, and perhaps more so the audience, an unusual bird's eye view of the Catholic faith, as practiced by the various component parts of the Church in Ireland. It is not a play, reeking with that sentimentalism, pseudo-sanctity or excessive affectation, which so often causes a reader to close the covers of a drama in the first act, because he or she feels unworthy of perusing such a sublime work. It is merely the dramatizing of an episode in the life of Canon Skerritt, yet from it we have a vivid portrait of each of the characters.

In the portrait of Canon Skerritt, as well as of the two young curates, the author artfully conveys to the reader the fact that, although priests are gifted with a superior vocation, they are nevertheless still human, capable of emotions, passions, and weaknesses. The passionate, austere

dignity of the elderly Canon is cleverly emphasized by the athletic, good humored youthfulness of Father Kirwan. The pure simplicity of Brigid is made all the more effective because it is contrasted to the dark, secret viciousness of Jemima Cooney, which takes on a color of drab, whenever she stands face to face with the Canon. This excellent choice of characters plus the skillful use of them has built Mr. Carroll's *Shadow and Substance* into a powerhouse of eloquence.

The note of harmony is prevalent throughout the entire play. One is not surprised at the tragic end of Brigid, nor astonished at the marriage of Thomasina, the Canon's niece, who is given "to giggling laughter and perpetually sucking sweetmeats" at the age of twenty-two, to the sheepish and awkward Francis O'Connor, who is dominated by an inferiority complex and an aunt, worse than the complex.

Shadow and Substance is sure to find fertile soil and take root in the minds of many. Canon Skerritt and Brigid cannot be forgotten. Also, the finesse with which Mr. Carroll molds and shapes his conflict between the Shadow, the Canon, and the Substance, Brigid, should prove to be real entertainment for an intelligent audience. This play's run on Broadway speaks for itself, because "in writing it is the good which survives and is remembered, and the bad which perishes."

Peter Brickner

Exchanges

Coming finally to the closing stages of our survey study of Catholic College Literary Journals, we are confronted with the task of devising some well chosen and beneficial suggestions that seem most patent from our analysis. These suggestions and conclusions are meant to be totally objective, but the personal element is difficult to curb and, therefore, they should be viewed in that light.

These suggestions and conclusions, as given at the Catholic Press Conference at DePaul University, are:

1. In serious articles and lengthy studies there should be an attempt at greater accuracy and, we hope, at deeper thought which should encourage a growth of scholarship and an exact recording of research data in footnotes and in bibliographies.
2. A movement toward more studies of broader fields based on specific data in which conscientious procedure should prevail. One lengthy article of this type should grace the pages of each issue.
3. If no original viewpoint of a given subject is to be had, nothing should be printed. A rehashing of old material kills the initiative spirit that should prevail in Catholic College Literary Journals. Therefore, always attempt an original presentation.
4. Having secured this original view, then proceed. This will serve to stifle the tendency of mere synoptic presentation and will, likewise, curtail the appearance of commonplace and cliche articles that lend little distinction to our journals.
5. Be fair and honest in your criticism and evaluations. This suggests an avoidance of undue praise simply because an author is a Catholic. Distinguish between the

author's morality and his art. A jumbling of these elements will necessarily result in an intolerant and immature presentation which is of little value in advancing Catholic thought.

6. The absence of work in the artistic pursuits such as music, painting, sculpture, and architecture suggests a crying need. The Catholic Church presents a whole host of possibilities and it remains for the Catholic College student to open the door and admit the light of knowledge and understanding.

7. One of the salient suggestions relevant to our survey is a plea to avoid the bead-telling, propagandizing type of short story. By this we do not mean a complete stifling of things Catholic, but rather an artistic fashioning of our principles to impress upon the reader's mind the realization that this is the work of a Catholic writer without offending his artistic sensibilities. Literature should not be made a rostrum, nor should it simply hang in the air without some philosophy to guide its steps.

8. Beware of the plague of modern naturalistic tendencies in story writing, by the conscientious rejection of material by the Supervisors, for our writers should steep themselves in the essentials of short story writing through the reading of good, accepted examples rather than the mercenary presentations so prevalent in most secular magazines today.

9. In short story writing there ought to be an interpretation of some psychological element innate to all humanity applied to a consistently developed character rather than the undue concentration on intricacies of plot development and novel endings.

10. Who is to write real, Catholic dramas if our Catholic College students do not attempt to learn the necessities of stagecraft? The one-act plays in our exchange magazines suggest a pressing need for this type of endeavor. To the majority that failed in their attempts we suggest a thorough

scrutiny of the essentials of drama, much reading of good plays, then another effort. To the remainder we suggest — action.

11. Let us try to innoculate our verse with a poetic idea and build upon this foundation a beauty of language and expression. This can be accomplished by a stringent policy of selection and rejection. Poetry, likewise, should be included in our publications not for variety, but for its intrinsic value as poetry.

12. A more widespread practice of exchanging between Catholic Colleges, for an intermingling of ideas and policies should of itself raise the standard of Catholic student thought and thereby contribute a combined front to our Catholic Student Action.

With the constructing of these suggestions and conclusions we bring our survey study to a close. But before saying good-bye for another year let us again extend our sincere sentiments of gratitude to those who made this work possible and for the many and varied words of encouragement tendered us from all sides. We enjoyed our work and our many contacts and hope that from our work at least a modicum of benefit may be derived. So, until another year, we say good-bye and thank you!

Critical Notes

On another page of this issue there is a discussion of the findings of the study in Catholic College Literary Journals. With no regard to the accuracy of the discoveries, with no evaluation of the conclusions, the fact remains that something must be done for the benefit and betterment of the College Journal.

Past Press Conferences have recognized the need for an answer with a kind of nod of the head. There have been discussions of the art of creative writing; there have been read fine studies of Catholic poetry; some gesture was made but in reality nothing definite or conclusive was reached. Apparently so much attention was demanded by the problems of the newspaper that the journal simply could not be made an important issue.

It is our hope that the literary journal will be given a thorough study and investigation with a view to a correction of conditions.

In such a meeting, it seems, there should be some very serious insight into the present status of the literary journal and its policies. The foundation for discussion must be laid well. Thereupon the proper decisions as to subject material may follow, something that will be marked with the qualities of ambition, originality, and enthusiasm. Any new ventures that will lead us into trials of other forms of literature, that will increase the technique of our students will be important contributions. Finally a definite program for progress should bring some kind of unity to the cause of the Catholic College journal and with that should follow of necessity a forward step in the Catholic Revival.

The medieval plays which have come down to us from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are well known to

every teacher of English literature. The strength that lies in the dramatization of simple things needs no explanation. Their place is accepted.

But, would not these plays bear well some kind of modernization which would bring them into the appreciation of the modern audience? The deep spiritual tone is there, the language would need a true translator. They are in many cases in cycle form, they would need, therefore, the injection of some single idea which would guarantee the needed unity.

The desire is, of course, to bring to the modern man the drama which walked the stages of the Middle Ages. This demands that the appeal be not sickening in its sweetness, but marked with the reality of simple things as it is portrayed in these plays. The benefit ought to be just as beneficial as any modernization that walks the boards of our stages today.

A closer acquaintance with the work of Alfred Noyes brought me to the reading of his "The Strong City." With the aid of ramparts and armies he paints a vast picture which by its very nature seems to suggest the call of many voices from the far distances. The poem is decidedly masculine, so as a consequence, the possibility arose for its recitation by a men's verse-speaking choir.

At this writing, of course, I know of no such entity in men's groups. Why they should avoid it, seems slightly mysterious, for the benefits are not so obscure. What a glee-club can do with its humming is nothing stronger than the union of voices in the recitation of a great poem. Perhaps some Director will find the proper blend of men's voices, perhaps he will discover the dramatic richness of bass and baritone, perhaps he will try to make voices throb with the power of "The Strong City."

This impression may be entirely erroneous, for it is not fortified with an experimental study of college catalogues,

but the impression remains that in our Catholic Colleges, the various and many societies and clubs all lead a rather individual existence.

The Mask and Wig confines itself to the stage; the scientists have no interest in the doings of the writers' fraternity; the mission society is in relative ignorance of the activities of the sociology group. Nor is this surprising or necessarily blameworthy. Each group is intensely (it is hoped) concerned about the doings of their club, each member wishes every other society-man success — but they are not unified in the cause of Catholic Action.

Now the answer lies, perhaps, in the creation of another Society! Indeed, but this one is to be composed of the presidents of all the other organizations, wherein the plans of each group will be discussed and plotted in relation to the progress of this country. The benefit to be gained will be a child of the natural competition of men and the contagion of good example and enthusiasm. An attempt would not be dangerous or expensive. The results ought to be very valuable.

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